

A DELICATE TASTE.



Shorter Grubb—I wish yer would help me ma'am. Me ole pal died yesterday, an'—
Mrs. Easy Peasy—What killed him?
Shorter Grubb—He tried ter eat turkey widout cranberry sauce.

Enoch up a Tree.

A paper in western Nebraska contains the outline of a story that should be slung into undying verse by a poet as good as the author of "Enoch Arden." Some years ago in the town where the paper is published there lived a man who had a wife and daughter. He seemed prosperous, and his credit was good for anything he desired.

One fine starlight night he disappeared, taking with him nearly everything that wasn't nailed down. He had made about every man in town a creditor, and when he went away the people betook themselves into outer darkness for a while and wailed and gnashed their teeth.

A Smart Woman.

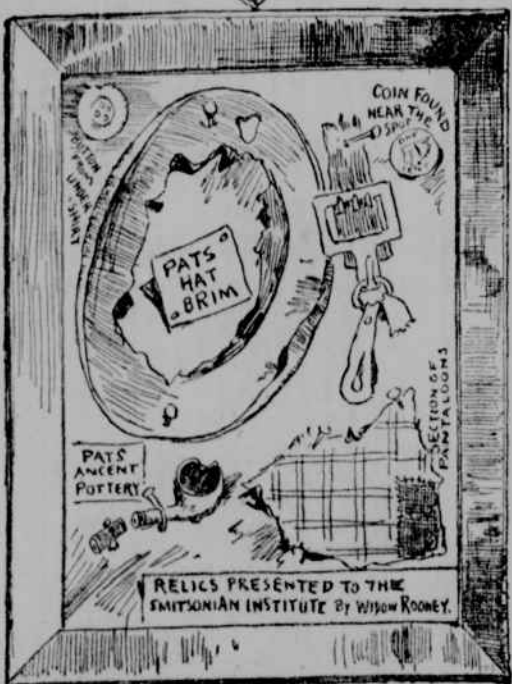
While a woman of New Brunswick was alone in her house recently a tramp knocked insolently at the door and demanded refreshments.

The tramp started for the street in double-quick time—Philadelphia Times.

AFTER THE BLOW.



1. Rooney—Lend me the sledge, O'Hara. Th' dinner-table cartridge is too large for th' hole.



2—And this is all that was left.

The good woman looked at him intently and recognized her husband. And now the really beautiful part of this story comes in. Did the lady kill the fatted calf for the prodigal and bid him welcome and forget the past? Not to any great extent.

She called the family dog, a large creature, with a penchant for human remains, and no man ever climbed a tree quicker than did the erring husband.—Nebraska Journal.

The Liberty Bell.

While the bell was being reviewed an old negro man—a negro who must have been not less than thirty years of slavery—stood holding his grandson, a youngster of ten, by the hand. It was telling the boy a story of the bell. Those who chanced to listen heard him say:

"Look at it, nigger, knize hit may be de las' chance dat'll ever come ter yer ter see it. Look at it so w'en yer goes back ter yer ma you kin tell what de bell look lak."

"Ef hit hadn't er been for dat bell, does yer know whar de niggers 'ud be now? Right spang, blank int slavery. Hit's des lak I tells yer. When Marsa Linkum say ter de people dat 'de nigger got to be set free he sen' out word ter his overseer for ter tu'n loose all de niggers w'at he got and ter ring de big plantation bell. Den de overseer he call de niggers an' 'tells 'em what Marsa Linkum done for 'em, an' say: 'Ring dat bell.' An' dey was so glad twel dey busted 'er rings. An' people say dey could hear it all 'round de worl'. An' de white

folks dey celebrate kaze dey glad dey got rid er all der triflin' no 'count niggers, and dey wuz mos' ex many den as dey is now."—Atlanta Constitution.

Two little girls were chatting together on their way to school. "My father is a General," said the one, boastfully. The other replied, as she munched a bit of rice cake, "Mine is a confederate." And the general's daughter darted a look of envy at her little companion.—Der Fioh.

"Yes," said the young physician of aristocratic lineage, "our family has a motto, but I prefer not to use it. It is a little too suggestive in my profession."

"What is it?" "Faithful unto death."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I suppose that you have forgotten that you owe me \$10?" said Phillips severely. "No, I haven't," retorted Wilbur. "I meant to have done so. Give me time, old man, and I will."—Harper's Bazar.

A Dime Opened the Way.

It is not often that doctors pay for the privilege of examining a patient, yet the ambulance surgeon at the Pith Hospital did so Thursday. He found it his duty to examine a Polish child who had fallen from a second-story window. The child was guarded by a hundred or more companions, and they absolutely refused to allow the doctor to touch the apparently injured child. Then the doctor reached into his pocket and drew out a shining dime, which he gave to the largest of the crowd. That accomplished his purpose.—Buffalo Courier.

Horse's Fighting Proclivities.

"The Sun had an interesting item on Thursday headed 'Horse No Match for Horns,'" said a rich ex-cowboy who is stopping at one of the Broadway hotels. "It described a fight between a horse and a cow. Now, I never saw either cows or buffaloes attack a horse so as to amount to anything, but I want to rise right up and testify to the wonderful fighting powers of the horse. He is built for more ways and kinds of fighting than any other product of nature. He can bite, and he can kick out behind, and he can strike with his fore-legs. When he is in action he fights all over. If you

With Her Own People.

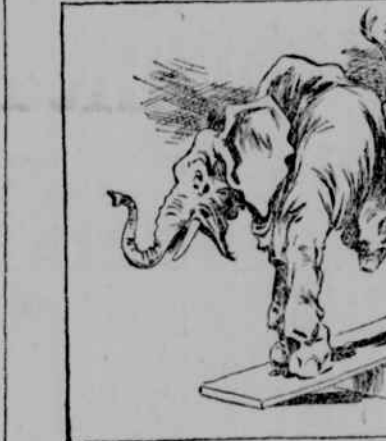
"'Tis a grand place," said the white-haired woman, "with the fine green cypress hedge all around. And ivy climbin' about the headstones. And yellow myrtle on every mound. But it frets me greatly when I do be thinkin' 'Tis here they'll bring me when I come to die. Ashore, I long for my own people; With my own people I fain would lie. 'For I'm dreamin' always of an Irish church yard. Who hardly a blade of grass will grow. Close by the sea, on a barren hillside; With you'd call it and dear, I know. But my old heart aches as I do be thinkin'— How far away from it I'm like to die; For I long to rest with my own people; With my own people I yearn to lie."

To-day I walked in that little grave-yard And watched them sodding a new-made grave. Hers who longed for the dreary hillside, Near the endless sough of the moaning wave. But it matters naught; for her world is over. And she rests at last on the heavenly shore. In the bosom of God, with her own people, Where none can part them forevermore. —Sarah Frances Ashburton, in Ave Maria.

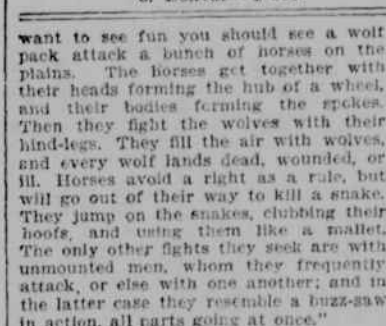
HE SAW.



1. Clown—Bollivar, I want to teach you how to seessaw.



2—Now carefully, carefully.



3. Bollivar—"I see."

want to see fun you should see a wolf pack attack a bunch of horses on the plains. The horses get together with their heads forming the hub of a wheel, and their bodies forming the spokes. Then they fight the wolves with their hind-legs. They fill the air with wolves, and every wolf lands dead, wounded, or ill. Horses avoid a right as a rule, but will go out of their way to kill a snake. They jump on the snakes, chubbing their hoofs, and using them like a mallet. The only other fights they seek are with unmounted men, whom they frequently attack, or else with one another; and in the latter case they resemble a buzz-saw in action, all parts going at once."

New Use For a Bass Drum.

Mrs. de Style—"Oh, John, please buy me that drum! I know you can get it cheap."

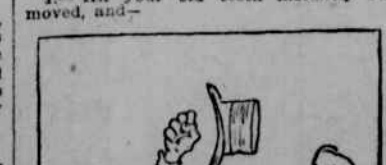
Mr. de Style (dumfounded)—"Gracious, what in the world do you want a bass drum for?"

Mrs. de Style—"Why, it will make such a splendid box for my theatre hat."

DENTAL ADVERTISEMENT.



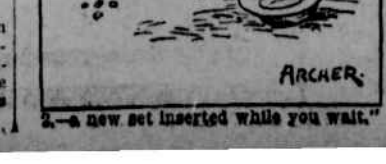
1—"All your old teeth instantly removed, and—"



2—"A new set inserted while you wait."



3—"A new set inserted while you wait."



A Case of Necessity.

Parson, on his way to a new "call."—My boys, what are you diggin' for? The Boys—A woodchuck, Mister. Parson, (remonstratively)—You don't expect to get him on Sunday?

Can't Hear His Breath.

The late-hour editor of the Pittsburg Press doesn't need any schooling. "It is always best to make midnight explanations to your wife through a telephone. She cannot hear your breath."—Hristol Courier.

A Case of Necessity.

"No," said young Spooner, "I wasn't really mad when your father drove me from the house, but I will admit that I was put out."—Boston Transcript.

"Take away woman," shouted the orator, "and what would follow?" "We would," said a man at the back of the audience, "promptly—Tid-Bits."

Mak—"You signed your note, I remain your loving Jack." If I'd no money what would you remain? Jack—"A bachelor, darling."—Illustrated Bits.

Wearly Watkins—"The doctors say we ought to eat more cereal food." Hungry Higgins—"They is too much of the cereal business about our style of eatin' already."—Indianapolis Journal.

On a yacht—Miss Ingenue—"Is there really a cable in the ocean?" Sailor—"Yes, mum." Miss Ingenue (with conviction, after studying the man at the wheel)—"Then that must be the grip-man."—Brooklyn Life.

"Maggie, did you hear the door-bell ring?" "Yes, mum." "Well, why don't you open the door, then?" "Shure, I don't know a soul w'd call on me at this time of the day, mum. It must be some one to see yerself."—Truth.

Sister—"There, you have the candy all over your new suit. What will mamma say?" Tommy—"Well, mamma won't let me have any fun in these clothes till I get them spoiled."—Hartford Times.

A beggar stopped a lady on the steps of a church. "Kind lady, have you not a pair of old shoes to give me?" "No, I have not; besides, those you are now wearing seem to be brand-new." "That's just it, ma'am—they spoil my business."—La Reforma.

Maud to Low Comedian—"Say, Teddy, what did the poet mean when he wrote: 'Though lost to sight, to memory dear'?" Low Comedian—"Wat! Don't you know? The lines were addressed to a prompter."—Fun.

It pleases a woman when we say Her cheek is like the red, red rose, And yet a man will turn away. When told the same about his nose. —Spare Moments.

An eccentric citizen of Philadelphia was once met by a man who asked him the way to the sheriff's office. He responded: "Every time you earn five dollars spend ten dollars."—Christian Advocate.

"What principles are you going to advocate in the next town?" asked the campaigner's private secretary. "I dunno. You get there next train and find out what their views is are."—Washington Star.

He—Miss Kitty, I've heard it said that a kiss without a moustache is like an egg without salt. Is that so? She—"Really, Mr. Smoothface, I don't know. I can't tell you, for in all my life I never—"

He—"Now, Miss Kitty!" She—"Ate an egg without salt!"—Comic Cuts.

Fixing The Clock.

It's just as fawther said it was—their somethin' here that's wrong; The gran'ther clock is a'llin', air—we're glad you come along. It stood an' suked a week or two, an' wouldn't tick or ring. Or run its han's aroun' its face, or do a blessed thing.

It's old enough to hev a rest, as people say, you know; We often think it started out a thousan' years ago. An' Cousin Pete, who sets and tells us stories in the dark, He wonders if it give the time for Noah in the ark.

We're glad it's goin' to start ag'in, for when it ain't no good, It makes a sort o' friendly fuss all through the neighborhood. The folks enquire as if 'twas folks, an' stop us on the way. An' anxiously they ask us how the ol' clock is to-day.

They's lots o' time-machines aroun' that have a deal o' luck. An' need a steady gran'ther clock to keep 'em on the track. I've seen folks sent out in the road, an' wait an' listen like, To get their watch by this 'ere clock, as soon's they heard it strike.

We're glad it stopped, though, so's that you could take it all apart, An' we could see its thinkin'-works, an' where it kept its heart; An' why, before it's goin' to strike, four minutes an' a half. It sort o' up an' chuckles, like as ef it meant to laugh;

An' how it keeps the memory good, although it's got so old. An' how it knows the moon is new, or full o' yellow gold; An' tells it with its picture-moons, so's we can know it nigh. As well as ef we went out-door an' foun' it in the sizz;

An' ef it ever has the blues, alone there night an' day. An' how it come to know the facts, when baby went away; For half the night there through the dark a-cryin' in our bed, We heard it talkin' to itself—"She's dead she's dead—she's dead!"

An' then I guess I went to sleep, an' dreamed a little while. An' thought I saw her in the clouds, an' know her by her smile; An' when the sunrise woke me up—'twas maybe 6 or 7— It changed its mind, an' says to me, "In Heaven—in Heaven—in Heaven!" —Will Carlton, in "Everywhere."

The world is full of people who are always looking for a sledge-hammer to crack a peanut.—Diamond Disciple.

In this barbed-wire age it is queer how many people manage to keep on the fence.—Bible Reader.

"Your brother? I did not know that you had a brother." "Oh, yes; or, what is the same thing, I have two half-brothers.—Life.

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